

IF IT HAPPENS
IT'S HEREFIGHT GAME FIT
FOR HOSPITALLid Is Now Closed in All Best
Pugilistic Centers in
Country.

BY GEORGE SILER.

"What's up with the fighting game? Has the bottom dropped out of it?" Less than a month ago it was booming all over the country. The "Prisco" disaster wiped out one of its best towns of the map, but before the crack glove-wielders recovered from its loss Magistrate Pool of New York gave them to understand that Manhattan Island was open to them. This, with Essington and Los Angeles to fall back on, gave them a working market, but Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania and Governor Higgins of New York and the Nelson-Herrera fiasco at Los Angeles caused them to sit up and notice things. Spokane, Wash., a crack town for second-raters, which settled contestants a good chunk of money, still was open, but accusations of graft by men who depended on the game for a livelihood, threw the town in the discard for the time being. Governor Higgins, therefore, is in an unhelpful condition, with small hopes of a speedy recovery.

The Lid Goes on in the East.

The eyes of the pugilistic world were turned eastward after the Nelson-Herrera "barney," and when the Twentieth Century club successfully pulled off the Terry McGovern-Jimmy Britt ten-round contest the "get quick members" organization became permeated with the "get-rich-quick" habit, and immediately began stringing their wires for the best talent in the country. Then Governor Higgins called a halt to further fight proceedings, and the horse of club managers and their lawyers have not as yet found a way to circumvent the governor's edict.

Essington, Pa., was the next town to fall by the wayside, or rather to feel the weight of the state executive's power. This town boasted of one club, the Tuxedo, which had arranged to stage the heavy-weight championship bout between Champion Tommy Burns and that oft-tried fighter, Bob Fitzsimmons. The club had pulled off several fights, and had some of its fighters at the test the law, and had won in the courts. The bringing together of the big guns consequently led to a rolling off a log. Governor Pennypacker, however, took a different view of it, and when on May 29 the management attempted to decide the heavy-weight championship question they were informed that the constabulary would be on hand to arrest it. This necessitated a postponement until his honor could be "rot to," but the latest advice from the scene of the contemplated battle-ground are that the governor is still dead to all pleadings. Essington and New York, therefore, are pugilistic dead.

Why Spokane Quit.

The wiping out of the town of Spokane, for the present at least, cannot be laid to the authorities, but to those directly interested in the game, and came about as follows: Eddie McKeen, agent and referee of the club which had been staging fights, had arranged a match between Jimmy McKeen and Frankie Lee. McKeen, being a grievance against John Money, Melody's manager, he notified Money to leave his manager at home. This, reports say, Melody agreed to do, but instead, he told Money to Spokane, where the result that dirty linen was taken out of the hamper, washed before the eyes of the public, and the stench of it was so powerful that it undermined the game.

Tom McCarey, manager of the Pacific Athletic club of Los Angeles, is trying to eradicate the dark-brown taste which the Nelson-Herrera fiasco left in the mouths of his patrons by announcing a match between Abe Attell and Frankie Lee. He wants to take place on July 4. Also by announcing a match between the winner and Jim Bowker or Jimmy Walsh of Boston. Attell and Neil, it will be remembered, were to have fought several days after the Prisco disaster, and Frankie Lee, the east McCarey brought Attell and Kid Egan man together. The contest, according to Referee Eytan, was a draw, but the Kid claims he had the better of the argument, and was entitled to the decision. It is strongly hinted that McCarey gets a piece of Attell's money, and if such is the case, Neil will have to knock Abe out to get the money.

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HOME RUN HAGGERTY

BY GEORGE
WILLIAM DALEY

Did you ever see a baseball diamond as big as a half-mile track? Did you ever see one that had a steel backstop and a steel fence around the outfield, and so far away you could just see the tops of the posts? And did you ever see base bags as big as feather beds, fastened to railroad ties sunk in the ground with log chains? Well, that was the ball ground of the Singlelookers community that me and Pinch Hobbs went out to the morning after we were kidnapped off the train by Singemim and carried over the desert, and Pinch had promised 'em we'd teach 'em curve pitching.

We were kin o' sorry we'd come—or, rather, sorry that the big one-eyed guy had stolen us, for the immensity of this ball-playin' plant made us feel mighty small. We saw some balls layin' round and picked 'em up. They were made of steel sure enough, just as the delegation of one-eyed giants of the night before had said, and were about as big as a croquet ball and smooth as steel can be polished.

"I'm change o' curvin' them things," Pinch, says I.

Of course he disagreed with me. That's Pinch. He said it'd be easy to curve 'em.

But if we were anxious to see the steel balls, how do you think it compared with our anxiety to see the famous Fourwingers, the giant rivals of these here Singlelookers, who had four arms? We could hardly wait till they showed up. And it was while we were lookin' for them that the one-eyed giant we hadn't seen the night before, all dressed up in a ball suit, comes into the grounds.

He was bigger than the general run o' them guys, and he was carrying a bat of blue steel with a bicycle-taped grip that looked like the topmast of a man-o'-war.

"I'm Swotzy," says he, with a cheerful grin.

So this was the Singlelookers' heavy hitter we'd heard so much about.

"I'm Swotzy, an' I'm sore," says he. "I'm the best batter they got; I make the most hits, but in the most runs, an' save games for 'em right along, and yet get no credit for it. That big guy can only bat, they keep sayin', and make me so way out in right field, when I'd ought to be in the box, pitchin'."

In a few minutes Singemim came out for his lesson in curvin' the ball. He was the regular pitcher, with an arm like a piano leg and speed like lightning. Why, his ketcher ketches the steel balls in a glove with a steel palm, and the noise was terrific. The ball'd heat up, and you had to be careful they didn't burn you.

"I guess this'll hold the Alfalfas for a minute," says Pinch, as we looked on.

"Yes, this has even got the Arkansas All-Star league beat," says I.

Singemim ketched onto the curve principle very quick, but we were only able to teach him a plain out-curve that day. He practiced that very hard, and soon got it down pretty fine. About 2 o'clock the Fourwingers pranced in, and, sure enough, each man had four arms and sixteen fingers and four thumbs. They weren't quite as big as the Singlelookers, but appeared to be spryer. Anyhow, we seen that they had the one-eyed people beat if the curve didn't fool 'em.

The Fourwingers went to bat first, and Singemim sent up a lilyput slow one. The brand-new steel ball they'd just taken out of a red box and stamped "Warranted to last nine full innings" just glistered in the sun, and the big Fourwinger, standing there with his two bare arms in each pair of hands, you see—could hardly wait till it got up to the plate. Then, swish! he lets out at it with a drive that'd knock down an elephant, an' the ball curves off the end of his bat as near as you can see, leavin' a very 'spriest-lookin' gent lookin' first at the ball and then at the ball and then at the ketcher. He'd been so surprised he forgot to hit at it twice.

The next ball Singemim started right at him. He ducked down and the ball curved right over the plate. And it was that ball that caused all the trouble, for the Fourwingers in the audience saw the curve and set up a yell.

"Witchery!" they squealed. "The ball is bewitched."

You've seen a crowd of regular United States people parade out onto the diamond to kick when they thought they were gettin' the worst of it, and that's bad enough, but it isn't a marker to the crowd of four-armed giants that rushed out to debate that curve-tail proposition. They were all over the field, fifty feet on all sides, the four-armed Fourwingers fillin' up the Singlelookers' eyes and not findin' enough to go round, startin' in on their mouths. Them Fourwingers are great as fighters—there's

so many fists you don't know where the next wolf is comin' from.

The Singlelookers outnumbered the Fourwingers, but the latter had the most fists, and those are what win fights. So it ended with the curve ball barred, and to make sure it wouldn't be used somebody had gashed Singemim with a steel bat, so he couldn't pitch marbles, let alone a small cannon ball.

Then they went on with the game. And such battin'! That Swotzy man knocked down a section of steel fence a mile away with one of his drives, cleanin' the bases, and the Fourwingers had a couple nearly as good as him.

The sound when one of them steel bats hit a steel ball square was like an iron foundry. The score by innings up to the nine inning was:

Fourwingers 8 5 5 5 5 5 3 7
Singlelookers 3 7 7 4 9 3 9

That is, the Singlelookers had 'em 51 to 45, when the ninth began. But in the first half of the ninth the Fourwingers got seven runs, making it 56 to 51. The Singlelookers needed five to win.

Their first man up fouled off a section of steel fence a mile away with one of his drives, cleanin' the bases, and the Fourwingers had a couple nearly as good as him.

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a big steel club he could hardly lift I knew there was some scheme on foot.

There he was, so short the Fourwinger pitcher couldn't get 'em down low enough. Then some one puts a bat in my hands and tells me I'm up next. Pinch stole second on the first ball, and then he telegraphs a punt down the first-base line to me.

Now, a punt on those grounds meant a good hard wallop—something like a grounder to short would be in a regular game. I just hit it down towards the Fourwinger guardian of the initial sack and starts for first.

Knowin' me, Pinch had started, too, when the pitcher pitched the ball. The ketcher got across with the tyn' run and I saw I had the ball beat to first. But there was Pinch goin' in from second on a punt.

He made it. The first baseman run in, scooped up the ball and lined it to the ketcher. There was crunched down on the line to keep Pinch from slidin' under him, with his back turned to Pinch. He caught the ball and turned, sure he had blocked the run off. But Pinch, goin' like lightning, just gave a leap when he came to him, takes two quick steps up his broad, slanting back and slides over his shoulder onto the home plate.

The Fourwingers tried to steal us that night, to play with them and Singemim. Then Scopemup, their first baseman, he knocked out a home run hit, and though the ketcher got to third on the play, there's two out and they're still a run shy.

And then, to every one's surprise, Pinch Hobbs comes up to bat. He had talked to the Singlelookers' manager, and when I seen him go out there with

a hit and gets second on a wild pitch. Then Scopemup, their first baseman, he knocked out a home run hit, and though the ketcher got to third on the play, there's two out and they're still a run shy.

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CHECKERS

Checker Board as Numbered for Beginners.

